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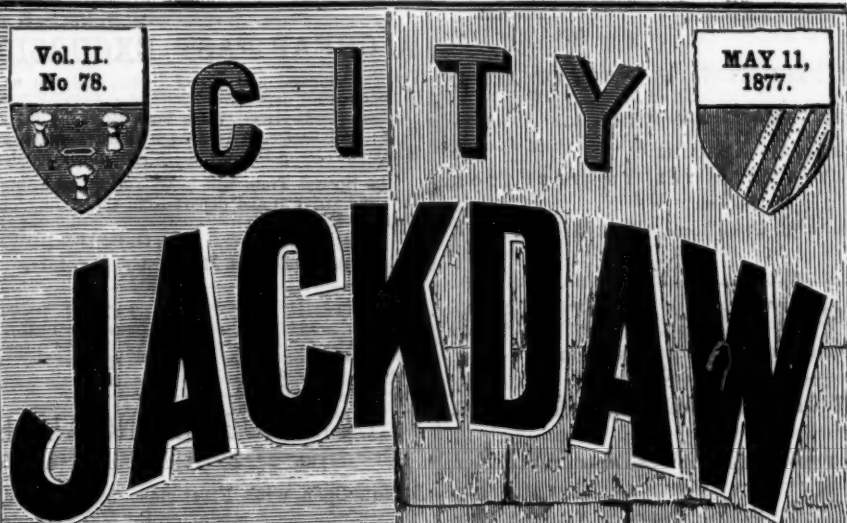
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7 43; Stalybridge, 7 5; Ashton (Park Parade), 7 9; Dukinfield, 7 12;
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head. Dinners à la carte throughout the day. These commanding premises, having been
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Visitors will find above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid com-
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Twelve fireproof and other stock rooms. Chop or steak, 1s. 6d.; and
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All charges strictly moderate. The above hotel is open at all hours of
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pastry, and cheese, 1s. 6d.

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RESTAURANT AND LUNCHEON BAR.

Dinners—soups, joint, puddings, or tart, 1s. 6d. Tea—with chop, steak,
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coffee rooms. Private room for ladies. Commercial gentlemen visiting
Manchester will find the above hotel to afford every accommodation at
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W. BENNETT, Proprietor.

YOUNG MEN are INVITED TO JOIN the YOUNG MEN'S
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NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS AND YOUNG LADIES ENGAGED IN BUSINESS.

REGISTERED OFFICE REMOVED TO 197A, MARKET-STREET; Hours from 12 to 4
Saturdays, 11 to 1. Classes opened, and lodgings may be obtained, at Windsor House, 94,
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and friends. Classes for grammar, bookkeeping, history, etc., as soon as sufficient names
are enrolled.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 78.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE RUSSIAN BUGBEAR.

WHAT is this bugbear which the Jewish and Turkish organs of public opinion are persistently holding up to frighten us? Experience proves that a bugbear is a very useful engine for party or selfish purposes, and just now the Russian bugbear serves admirably a number of diverse interests. The *Daily Telegraph*, which is owned and conducted by Jews, has adopted it not only for the sake of making money, but because it suits the views of a Clan to do so. The Tory party have been crowing a good deal about the conversion of the above journal to Constitutional principles, but the plain fact is that being forestalled by the *Daily News*, and unable to make money out of the Bulgarian massacres, the *Daily Telegraph* has fallen back upon the Jewish interest, and intends to gain money and advantage that way. This is plain speaking, and might be deemed ungenerous under other circumstances, but the times are such that plain speaking is not to be condemned on sentimental grounds. The Jews, then, side with the Turks not so much for love of the Turks as for hatred of the Russians. The Turks are the "champions of international law," the "bulwark of England's interests in the East," and so on, and the *Telegraph* bids us go in and save them with all our might. Then there is the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has also been more or less converted, and fights side by side with the *Telegraph*. It is difficult to do more than conjecture as to the motives of this latter journal. It may be a matter of Turkish bonds or the money market in general, a case of snubbing by a minister, a squabble with some official or public man, or it may possibly be—but we think it is not—mere whim or ignorance; but the fact remains that the *Pall Mall Gazette* is always Turkish, and often more Turkish than the *Telegraph*, or even than the Turks themselves. No Moslem would ever have dreamed of making such ingenious excuses for and defences of his nation as these two journals have published. As for the sixpenny title-tattle papers such as the *World*, they may be passed by as being unimportant, whatever may be their motives in adopting the bugbear. Lastly, there are the Conservative journals, which obediently caress this monster, and pinch his tail to make him yelp and grin. Of these it may be said that they possess at least the negative merit of loyalty to a Party.

The bugbear being thus, for a variety of reasons, cherished and maintained, its abstract origin may next be inquired into. Minerva or Pallas, to compare great things with small, was a bugbear to the Ancients. She was terrible in her wrath; she destroyed cities and men; she had a dreadful shield, on which all who looked met an awful fate. She also protected heroes, but she was altogether an uncomfortable goddess, and the Greeks could think of no better legend as to her origin than that she sprang ready armed one day from the brain of Zeus. The political bugbear is a modern institution, and is as a rule evolved from the brain of a minister. Lord Beaconsfield is the minister; and just as Zeus or Jove found Pallas or Minerva useful to him in many ways, so Lord Beaconsfield uses his Bugbear to suit his own purposes. Throughout the whole diplomatic history of the last twelve months a desire has been apparent on the part of the British Government to thwart Russia in every possible way, and as a means to this end the Russian bugbear has been assiduously set up as an object of fear and jealousy. Russian intrigue is described to us as being something quite Satanic, not only in disposition, but in actual power. It causes all sorts of states, small and great, to act in the interest and at the bidding of Russia; it raises and quiets rebellion; makes subtle calculations; defies the elements; and in fact is altogether a supernatural

sort of principle, with which mere mortal men like Lord Derby are utterly unable to cope, therefore we must, as our wits fail us, resort to force of arms. Russian ambition, we are told, is insatiable and boundless, and will be satisfied with nothing short of the destruction of the British Empire, and the final absorption of Europe, Asia, and the whole habitable globe. Russian power is enormous; it can defy all natural obstructions, treat mountains as if they were not, cross rivers and deserts by magic, and dry up the seas. These statements are hardly caricatures, but merely reproductions of popular Tory notions about Russia. Now, let us look at the other side. It is the popular boast of the warlike Briton that our money can do anything, and that as the Russians are nearly bankrupt we can easily thrash them. This is perhaps true, but why attribute to a nation which is on the verge of bankruptcy such wild and sensational projects? Why attribute to Russian diplomatists, who are of course the most knowing in the world, the desire to embark on ridiculous and impossible enterprises? It may be granted that Russian ambition exists, but it is absurd to suppose that it is not limited by common sense. Such clever intriguers as the Russians are represented to be, ought to be the very last people to entertain the designs attributed to them. Russia is advancing much faster on the road to bankruptcy than on the road to India. During the last three months her ordinary paper currency has deteriorated at least twenty-five per cent. She has already more inland territory than she can possibly make remunerative in time of peace, and yet under these conditions she is credited with dire designs of conquest. What are these designs? Opinions differ; some people say she wants to get Constantinople, a place which she could not hold, and which would be in any case a serious burden to her resources; some say that the danger comes in Asia, in the Euphrates valley, where a railway could be constructed which would land her troops in such a position that two British ironclads could do what they liked with them. There is no space to analyse all the extravagant suppositions made about Russia's designs. A little common sense, a little knowledge of Russian resources and character, and a glance at the map of Central Asia, should be sufficient to upset most of the calculations which one hears made on this subject, to which in one or other of its phases we shall return next week, bringing to bear on it special knowledge of Russia and the Russians, and the results of some study of the present situation. There is one other aspect of the Russian bugbear which is sedulously kept in the dark by Tory advocates. It is this—that the Russian ambition, as it is called, is made up largely of a desire to obtain a seaboard. Russia is learning to be a manufacturing country, and this would doubtless be an immense advantage to her. The desire is to our mind not only a natural, but also a justifiable one. Can it be that England has grown so selfish as to fear the competition of other countries to the extent of going to war with them? As we pointed out some few months ago, the trade of Lancashire might suffer to a certain extent by the extension of Russian commerce through any seaports which she may in time obtain. In the dark ages this might have been held as a valid excuse for the cutting of throats, but it cannot consistently be so held now. There is, however, probably underlying the ill-judged and insolent bluster of Lord Derby, a specimen of which has just been published, some such selfish and secret dread as that indicated. Such a policy is neither dignified nor yet expedient for a great and civilised nation.

THE WAR: SPECIAL TELEGRAM.—Eleven thousand Kurds are on their way to Kara.

E. Jamieson & Co., Fashionable Tailors, Clearance Sale (Preparatory to Removing to their New Premises, 301 and 303, CHAPEL STREET.) Genuine Reduction. 275, Chapel St., Salford.

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OUR PUBLIC MEN.

No. XV.—W. ARONSBURG, ESQ., M.P.

FOR the benefit of any curious or capricious persons who, searching through the columns of *Dod*, shall not find the distinguished name of Mr. Aronsberg on the list of members of Parliament, we beg to state that the title M.P., as conferred in the present instance, stands for "Manchester Philanthropist." These words throw a purer halo of glory around the head of our fifteenth Public Man than could be shed by those for which the two initial letters usually stand. Mr. Aronsberg differs from most of the Public Men whom it has been the duty and pleasure of the *Jackdaw* to describe, inasmuch as his early history is shrouded in obscurity. We use the word obscurity here in the sense of modest retirement, and as an explanatory term by no means derogatory to the gentleman's merits. We believe that Mr. Aronsberg traces his ancestry back to the days of Solomon, whose portrait, which hangs in the parlour behind the philanthropist's emporium, resembles considerably in features the subject of the present sketch. Owing to the natural modesty and reticence of Mr. Aronsberg, we regret to say we are unable to give any details of his early career. When a year or two back his good deeds began to shine in this naughty world, it is our pride to remember that we were the first to single him out and give him the title of Manchester Philanthropist, which has been, as it were, a jewel in his forehead ever since. Later on, Mr. Aronsberg's merits were discovered by other journals, and the *Manchester Courier* conferred on him the further title of P.S.F., or Poor Schoolboy's Friend. It was about five years ago, if we remember correctly, that Mr. Aronsberg inaugurated his distinguished career of benevolence amongst us. He was then a comparatively unknown tradesman, but dwelt, as he does now, in Victoria Street. In the year 1872 he obtained his first paragraph, which was in the following terms:—

"PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.—Mr. W. Aronsberg, optician, Victoria Street, has presented two gross of spectacles to the authorities of the Blind Asylum. The gift has been highly appreciated, and the workmanship displayed in the articles has been much admired."

From this time Mr. Aronsberg's business began to prosper more and more: such is the force of benevolence. He continued giving away eye-glasses to the destitute, thermometers to the hungry, and meteorological instruments to the ignorant, and receiving in return that merit of praise which a grateful and independent press always knows how to accord gracefully to struggling merit. The Spectacles of a good man struggling to benefit his species, and of a patient tradesman endeavouring to build for himself the reputation of a philanthropist, are now familiar objects to all readers of newspapers. It would be folly on our part to attempt to estimate the number of gross of spectacles which Mr. Aronsberg has given away to deserving objects, or the money which the glasses cost him, estimating their value at twelve shillings a gross. Is it sufficient for our purpose, writing of Mr. Aronsberg as a Public Man, to acknowledge that his benefactions have won for himself and for his business enduring fame in this city. Our local philanthropist, indeed, furnishes to us a convincing proof in the flesh of the oft-quoted and rather stale maxim that virtue is its own reward. This is substantiated by the pleasing fact which we are about to record—that after two or three years of unobtrusive and earnest benevolence, Mr. Aronsberg obtained such a widespread recognition of his merits in this city that he might, if he liked, have abstained from publicly advertising his wares.

We now come to a more recent period in the life of this truly distinguished philanthropist. In proportion with increasing prosperity the benefactions of Mr. Aronsberg increased, and year by year and month by month, nay, almost day by day, he evolved and put in practice new schemes for the benefit of the human race. On one occasion (August, 1875) he presented a double-barrelled barometer of the most exquisite workmanship to the Sultan of Zanzibar, who was then on a visit to our city. This was

followed up by other and persevering acts of charity, till we find him in the Spring of 1876 presenting a barometer to Mr. Disraeli, a distant kinsman of his own, and now Lord Beaconsfield. A paragraph in the *Evening Mail* of the period enshrined the noble action with others of an equally benevolent character. This event was one of the three great Epochs in the illustrious career of our Public Man, No. 15. The second Epoch was on the occasion of his being presented with an illuminated signboard—a possession which he prizes as his very life—by a number of gentlemen, under the presidency of the Town Clerk, in the Mayor's Parlour. Mr. Aronsberg had previously furnished the new Town Hall from top to bottom with barometers and thermometers at his own expense. On this occasion, however, he got his reward not only in the consciousness of munificent and unselfish generosity, but also in the increase in his worldly prosperity, which accrued to him from the publicity given to that circumstance, and which no right-minded man would grudge to so generous a philanthropist. The third of the Epochs to which we have alluded is best recorded in the words of a paragraph published only so lately as Tuesday last:—

"MR. W. ARONSBURG AT COURT.—At the *levee* held by the Prince of Wales yesterday, Mr. William Aronsberg was among the gentlemen presented. The introduction was by Lord Winmarleigh. The recent munificent gifts of Mr. Aronsberg, and the late honour done to him in the Manchester Town Hall, have attracted much attention. The Prince's reception of Mr. Aronsberg was very cordial, and he had also words of congratulation addressed to him by some of the Ministers in attendance at Court."

The earthly cup of joy of our Manchester Philanthropist must now indeed be full. The imagination is quite dazzled by regarding the height to which the unostentatious virtues of this good man have conducted him. We can, of course, follow his career no further. Any attempt to do so on our part would be to exchange the province of the Biographer for that of Prophet and Preacher. Here, then, we leave our Public Man, No. 15. He has reached, as far as can be predicted, the very zenith of human ambition. He is universally respected and admired, his business flourishes, and he has been enabled to bask in the enchanting smiles of a society and a nobility of whose autograph letters, couched in flattering terms, he keeps a bookful in the back-parlour behind his charitable emporium. It would be inexcusable on our part to allow such a career to adorn a tale without also permitting it to point a moral. The moral will, we think, be obvious to the intelligent reader. May we all be equally zealous in driving after that Supreme Paragraph of the recording angel, embodied in the quotation, "Write that he loved his fellow-men." There are more virtues in giving away than people generally wot of, and if any reader should be induced after laying down the page to give away a farthing in the certain expectation of obtaining about ninepence in return, the story of W. Aronsberg, M.P., P.S.F., P.M., will not have been told altogether in vain.

THE ABSURD ANGLER; OR, THE RECREATIONS OF COTTON.

CHAPTER VI.—OBSERVATIONS ON THE TROUT, AND HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.

Piscator. Good morrow, scholar; I see you are up betimes.

Venator. Marry, master, and it is in the hope that I may have a trout to my dinner.

Piscator. And so you shall; but first I will tell you how you shall fish for this trout in the waters, and if they prove unprofitable then we will go to land angling, as we did before when we caught the chub.

Venator. Master, it is a perilous manner of fishing.

Piscator. Content you, scholar, you are chicken-hearted; but here comes that very policeman or constable who did interfere with our sport.

Venator. Master, we had better withdraw.

Piscator. Not so, for I will show you presently some merriment. Do you note his appearance? It seemeth at this distance as if his ears had been cut off close to his head.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GENTLEMEN WANTED

to have their Boots Soled and Heeled from the Best Sole Leather, for 2s. 6d. per pair. Why pay 6s. or 4s.? Set of Elastics 1s. at 4 Birmingham-st. London-E.

Venator. So it doth, and I wonder at it.

Piscator. See you not the cause of this apparition?

Venator. Master, but while we tarry here we shall catch no trout.

Piscator. Trust me, the wind is now too cold for a trout hereabouts; you shall see some sport anon.

Venator. I now see that this policeman hath got on a new helmet.

Piscator. He hath so; but here he comes:

Brother Bobby, well met;
What a nobby helmet!
I until this morn
Ne'er since I was born
Such a noble swell met.

Officer. Now, you just move on, and none of your chaff.

Piscator. Nay, verily; my friend and I here were admiring the beauty of this new headpiece of yours, and the new coat which becometh you so well.

Officer. Come, now, you just move on.

Piscator. I pray you not to take offence. I and my friend are anglers, and honest men, as all anglers be, and I take you to be so too; and I would have you to know that, like most anglers, we are both thirsty, and I think you be so too, for you have a thirsty look.

Officer. Move on, I tell you.

Piscator. Anon, good officer; but I know a very quiet hostelry where a thirsty man can enjoy a glass of good ale in an honest way. I will point out the road thither.

Officer. Move on.

Piscator. Come, did not I tell you, and is not this a quiet place, and is not this ale good too?

Officer. It is good beer, and here is to the health of all anglers and honest men, which I take you to be.

Venator. For my master and myself I thank you; and we shall now pledge your new helmet merrily in another tankard, and then you shall give us a song.

Officer. I must now attend to my beat.

Piscator. Nay, but you shall not beat a retreat; so here's to you, and now for the song.

Officer. E'en so be it, shall it be "Come into the garden, cook," or "The mutton bone," or —?

Piscator. It shall be none of these, but one which an old policeman made about courting and marriage. You shall sing the first part, and mine hostess here shall sing the second.

THE POLICEMAN'S SONG.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That unofficial life can yield—
The Staff and Pan no more we'll wield.
We'll have a homely cot not big,
A kitchen-garden and a pig;
And when the children come, their squalls
Shall seem melodious madrigals.
And thou shalt make the beds, my dear,
While I below consume my beer;
Or while the mellow draught I swig,
Your care shall feed the grateful pig.
With these, and other rare delights,
All furnished by your perquisites,
A jovial sort of life I'll lead,
Should but my faithful suit succeed.
A cold but bounteous store of meat
Dispensed by thee I know I eat;
The kitchen table then shall be
Prepared each day for thee and me.
Thy faithful bobby, too, shall sing
To thee at work each wash morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Venator. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and well sung by this honest bobby. I now see why it is that so many honest men do wish themselves policemen, because they are not troubled with many cares, and get their cold meat to supper, and without doubt this innocent bobby does so.

THE COOK'S ANSWER.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth on every bobby's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time is short for men and cooks,
And home and hearth and ingle nooks
Are bad investments nowadays
For those well off in other ways.

Thy cot and garden, pig and such,
Do not avail to please me much;
Such fancy pictures me don't move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Thou sayest that while thy beer thou swig'st,
Can go and paddle in the pigstye—
Thou'rt very kind—and while I wash
Thy songs shall cheer me, which is bosh.

Cease, then, to urge me on this point,
But take these slices off the joint;
I pray you not to take it ill,
But be my faithful bobby still.

Could wages last for me and thee,
And perquisites remain in fee,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Piscator. Well sung, good hostess, I thank you. Come, scholar, do not upset your beer, lest you should spoil the policeman's uniform. We must now go; my scholar and I to the sport of angling—

Policeman. And I to my beat.

(To be continued.)

BULGARIAN RELIEF IN CAMERA.

"WHEN thou givest alms," says the Gospel, "let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Alms have been sent by Manchester for the relief of the Bulgarian peasantry suffering from dire subjection to the unspeakable Turk; Mr. Long is the right hand—it is he that "doeth" the thing; the public are apparently the left hand, which in accordance with the Letter of Scripture is to be kept in ignorance. On Wednesday last a meeting of the Bulgarian Relief Committee was held, which the reporters were invited to attend by a circular-letter from the Rev. S. A. Steinthal, the honorary secretary. Responding to this invitation, especially as the matter was one of some public interest, the reporters were in their places, when, to their astonishment—if not to their grief—they were requested to withdraw, as Mr. Long had some revelations to make in connection with the proceedings of Foreign Governments which it would be inconvenient to publish. A similar thing happened, we understand, in Birmingham on the day before. Now, Mr. Long's policy all along in this matter has been one of eminent secrecy. If he had been a spy in the pay of this or some other Government, he could hardly have been more cautious in his utterances as to his doings and whereabouts; but the public have waited patiently to hear from their emissary's own lips something about the manner in which their contributions have been expended. It seems, however, that this natural anxiety is for the time to be disappointed. We feel sure that had Mr. Long occupied some diplomatic position, such as that at which we have hinted, he would have been an invaluable official; but it was not in the capacity of a spy, or secret-service man, or indeed in connection with politics at all, that Mr. Long was engaged. He was engaged to do work which we have no reason to doubt he has done admirably, in spite of the mystery with which he or his advisers choose to surround it. The subscribing public, we fear, will be inclined to go further than we are inclined to go in discussing the matter, and to insinuate that there is a screw loose somewhere.

MR. H. WHAITE, of Bridge Street, has now on view, at his Gallery, several highly artistic and beautiful silk banners, which have been specially made for the use of Sunday schools and friendly societies at Whitsuntide. They are highly deserving of inspection by those interested in such matters.

LAIRITZ'S FINE WOOL OIL.—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER testifies to its great efficacy. PHILADELPHIA and Eight other Prize Medals awarded. Certain cure for Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 37, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1d. upwards.

JACKDAW



AMUSEMENTS.

MANLEY PALACE AND PARK COMPANY, LIMITED.
MANLEY HALL, WHALLEY RANGE.

PRELIMINARY EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART.

Magnificent Park, Gardens, and Farneries.

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Admission, One Shilling; Children, Sixpence.

MANLEY HALL.—WHIT-WEEK.—UNPARALLELED
ATTRactions.

BAND OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS BY THE CHAMPIONS.

AHLSTROM'S MARVELLOUS FIRE FEATS.

COLLEEN on the INVISIBLE WIRE.

BALLOON ASCENTS.

BAND of the KING'S DRAGOON GUARDS, etc.

ALEXANDRA HALL, Peter-street, Manchester.—The most popular, cheerful, and respectable place of amusement in the world. INCREASED ATTRACTIONS, TO-NIGHT, Lieutenant Walter Cole and his Merry Folks, Mr. Charles Laurie, the Favorite Comique, Mons. Henri, Mr. and Mrs. Hibbs, Negro Comedians, Miss Julia Bullen, Serio-Comie, Mr. John Orr, Bartons, Miss Rosema Supple, Serio and Ballad Vocalist, Patti Adele, Vocalist and Dancer. ON MONDAY NEXT, Mr. Frank Bale, Champion Juggler of the World, Mdle. Frances, Female Bicycle Rider, Young Otto, Grotesque Clown. Admission, Body of Hall and Balcony, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

YORK RACES.

ON TUESDAY, MAY 15th, 1877, AN EXCURSION TRAIN WILL BE RUN TO
YORK AND BACK

From Manchester, Oldham, Newton Heath, Rochdale, Wigan, Hindley, Bolton, Bury, Heywood, Littleborough, Todmorden, etc. See bills for particulars.

WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.

Hunt's Bank, Manchester, May, 1877.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.
WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

On Whit-Monday, and every day during Whit-week, Excursion Tickets will be issued at Manchester, Miles Platting, etc., to SMITHY BRIDGE, for Hollingworth Lake.

On Whit-Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 23, 24, 25, and 26, Excursion Trains will be run to BLACKPOOL, FLEETWOOD, LYTHAM, SOUTHPORT, and LIVERPOOL, from Manchester, Salford, Pendleton, etc.

On Whit-Saturday, May 26, Excursion Trains will be run to WHALLEY, CLITHEROE, and CHATBURN, from Salford and Bolton; and to SKIPTON, for Bolton Abbey, from Salford, Pendleton, Bury, etc. See bill for particulars.

Manchester, May, 1877.

W. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
WHITSUNTIDE EXCURSIONS.

On May 24th, 25th, and 26th, Cheap Special Trains will leave Manchester (London Road) at 10 a.m., 10 30 a.m., and 2 30 p.m., for DISLEY, NEW MILLS, WHALEY BRIDGE, and BUXTON, returning same day from Buxton at 6 50, 7 30, 7 35, and 8 30 p.m.

On same dates, Cheap Special Trains will leave Manchester (London Road) for ALDERLEY, at 7 55 a.m., 11 30 a.m., and 2 30 p.m., returning same day at 6 30, 8 10, and 8 45 p.m.

On May 26th, a Cheap Train will leave Manchester (London Road) at 7 15 a.m. for BEESTON CASTLE and CHESTER, returning from Chester at 6 50 p.m. Another train will leave Manchester (Victoria and Ordsall Lane) for HOLYWELL, RHYL, CONWAY, BANGOR, etc., at 6 0 a.m., returning from Bangor at 6 45 p.m. same day, or at 4 30 p.m. on Monday following. And another train will leave Manchester (London Road) for RUD-YARD, ALTON, and ASHBORNE, at 7 45 a.m., returning from Ashbourne at 6 0 p.m.

Every day during Whit-week, a Special Train will leave Ordsall Lane at 6 55 a.m. for LIVERPOOL (Lime Street), returning at 7 40 p.m.

For fares, and other particulars, see bills.

E. FINDLAY.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, London, May, 1877.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT when the Rev. Mr. Maclure was instituted to the living of Rochdale, his brother proposed that they should wash his head.

That the Bishop declined, on the ground that he objected to the Diocesan Registry being made as bad as the Royal Exchange in the way of treating.

That Mr. Ledward, when he wrote to say that there was no treating done on the Exchange, ought to have said that a little treating used to be popular in the Brick Club.

That Mr. J. W. Maclure was the Bishop's informant as to the treating.

That nobody knows better than Mr. Maclure that there is a lot of treating done on 'Change, as he stands for everybody he meets.

That Mr. Aronsberg, in honour of being presented at the Prince of Wales's levee (how history does repeat itself—see *Leveetious*) is going to give away—himself next.

That after Mr. Gladstone's persistency on the Eastern Question, he ought to be dubbed "Resolution Bill."

That Mr. Rayner Wood, after his late poultry squabble, is to be known as the cock of the Salford J.P.'s.

That he objected to the hens laying on his premises, as the row they made afterwards reminded him of his favourite song, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

That Sir John Iles Mantell did the racking, and old Wife Addison did the henpecking admirably.

That the Salford Police Force didn't dislike being Mr. Wood's detectives, as they occasionally got a fowl for their trouble.

That the alteration of the policemen's helmets in Manchester is atrocious.

THE WEATHER.

[BY A PHILOSOPHER.]

I OFTEN hear my friends complain
About the changes of the seasons,
As if for drought, or wind, or rain,
Or heat, or cold, there were no reasons.
But I am wiser, far, than they;
And when the weather is not fair, it
Is found by me—the sagest way
Is not to growl, but grin and bear it.

It is no use to make a fuss—
Although the bad I do not much like—
The weather was not made for us,
But for the crops, and trees, and such like.
At Nature's necessary freaks
It is no use at all to swear, it
Is true philosophy which speaks—
You should not growl, but grin and bear it.

A LOCAL FABLE.

[FOR THOSE WHO CAN READ IT ONLY.]

ONCE upon a time a Jew lived in the city of Cottonopolis. He was the 'umblest man on the face of the earth, he gave away almost all he had, and yet he prospered. Strange to say, though his humility was of the greatest, and he was almost afraid to be charitable lest his good deeds should bring him notoriety, he gave nothing away which the world, through an indefatigable press, was not apprised of. By-and-by came a time when the Jew was recognised by Royalty. He was wondrously got up for the occasion. He had a huge telescope under his right arm, he had a wink in his left eye through wearing spectacles, and in his heart was peace and humility. "God bless me!" said Royalty, "is this the man? why, there must be some mistake." "Oh, dear, no!" replied some of the bystanders, "this is the Cottonopolis Philanthropist." "Well, I'm blowed!" said Royalty—"excuse the slang—but this is the littlest philanthropist I ever saw. Where does he keep his philanthropy?" Royalty had looked through the wrong end of the telescope, and as the Philanthropist then appeared in his reduced dimensions, Royalty might have been excused for questioning where he kept his philanthropy. The Queen intends to ask Sir Joseph Heron the question—when she comes to Manchester.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

CONUNDRUMS FOR EVERYBODY.

WHY was Mr. Aronsberg, at the Prince of Wales's levee, like a ship with mussels sticking to her? Because he'd got his barnacles on.

Why was the Prince of Wales, when he was introduced to the Manchester Philanthropist, like a boiler worked at extreme pressure? Because he was afraid of bursting.

Why was the presentation like the sale of a pig in a poke? Because nobody would have known about it—if the M.P. (not the pig) had not squeaked—to the Manchester newspapers.

A ROMANCE OF BURY OLD ROAD.

[RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. RAYNES WOOD, J.P.]

A TALE I will tell in a rhyming ode
Of a great J.P., who had his abode
In a snug little villa in Bury Old Road,
With grounds laid out in the latest mode.
Ri tooral, etc.

Now, he was a most important gent,
To the Bench an exquisite ornament;
And many a cove to gaol had sent,
On roguery or on violence bent.

Ri tooral, etc.

This said, the tale we'll now commence—
There lived on t'other side of the fence
A neighbour, whose presence gave offence,
And all the rumpus arises hence.

Ri tooral, etc.

Now, why the offence was I can't tell, I
Am sorry to say, so on this I won't dwell; I
Am only aware that this J.P.'s fell eye
Alighted upon a *casus belli*.

Ri tooral, etc.

His neighbour's cocks and hens would stray
In this J.P.'s grounds in an impudent way,
And he swore that he'd make the enemy pay,
So that he might haply shorten his stay.

Ri tooral, etc.

I'm a mighty man in these parts, said he,
And it really touches my dig-ni-tee,
As a Bishop's flunkie and great J.P.,
That a neighbour should be obnoxious to me.

Ri tooral, etc.

And so to make a long story short—
The rhyme is a bad one—in the court
This great J.P. his case to support
Appeared on the bench, and he furnished sport.

Ri tooral, etc.

The neighbour, he said, had got no excuse—
For this excellent bobby, whom now I produce,
And have kept a long time for my private use,
Will swear that those cocks and hens played the deuce.

Ri tooral, etc.

The bobby the Bible took into his fist,
And he told his tale when the Book he had kissed,
And the sins of the poultry were the gist,
But in spite of his story the case was dismissed.

Ri tooral, etc.

MORAL.

Advice to each reader, whatever his class—
It is best to allow private grudges to pass,
Or you haply may find when too late that, alas!
You have made of yourself a contemptible ass.

Ri tooral, etc.

THE BISHOP ON 'CHANGE.

Representations have been made to the Bishop that his statement about treating on 'Change was not true. The Bishop has expressed his regret at having been misinformed, and promised to go on 'Change daily in future.—See newspaper reports.

SCENE.—The Manchester Exchange. Time, twelve o'clock. Several Members assembled round the Official Snuff-box Holder.

First Cotton Spinner. Well, I'm glad to hear that the Bishop has acknowledged his error, though I am sorry to say those two boys of mine looked uncommonly wicked when they heard of it.

Second Cotton Spinner. You don't mean to say they looked as if they thought the Bishop was right after all?

Official Snuff-box Holder. Of course he was—but you are bound to humbug him a bit, or else we'd get a bad name. Holloa! who's that coming in with Mr. Domestic? I hope it's somebody from Oldham with a few good orders in his pockets.

Enter Mr. Domestic and Stranger of a clerical cut.

Stranger. Dear me, this looks a nice, quiet, and respectable place. [Under his breath.] And I don't see any signs of treating.

First Cotton Spinner. Any orders to-day, Mr. Domestic?

Mr. Domestic. Oh, dear, no! there is nothing doing whatever. [Introducing Stranger.] Friend of mine from the country.

First Cotton Spinner. Does he know the Thatched?

Mr. Domestic. Holy Moses, no! [In a whisper.] It's the Bishop!

Hurried exit of First Cotton Spinner.

Second Cotton Spinner. Any orders to-day, Mr. Domestic?

Mr. Domestic. Not to-day, thank you.

Second Cotton Spinner. Well, as I've got nothing else to do, I'll just go and wet my whistle. You won't join me with your friend?

Mr. Domestic [aside]. Do, for Heaven's sake, be quiet! It's the Bishop!

Official Snuff-box Holder. It's the what?

Mr. Domestic. The Bishop!

Official Snuff-box Holder. Well, if he objects to treating on 'Change, I'll toss you who stands him a brandy-and-soda.

GIGANTIC ATROCITY IN THE CITY.

PUBLIC sympathy has from time to time been greatly excited with accounts of the awful atrocities occurring in Bulgaria and Bosnia, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the sympathy so created will result in some abatement of the dreadful doings of the fanatical Turks. It is the Jackdaw's painful duty also to have to place on record an account of a gigantic atrocity perpetrated in this city in the "twinkling" of a night on a highly respectable body of men—our local police. This atrocity to a casual observer appears to be a clipping off the ears of the members of the Force. Some allowance must of course be made for defective sight, as it may to a keener-sighted bird than the Jackdaw appear to be the fault of the helmet. The accompanying rough sketch will, however, assist all in forming an opinion on this point. Sketch numbered 1 represents an officer as he is to be seen now, and sketch numbered 2 represents an officer as he appeared before the operating knife of the "atrocity-mongers" had touched either his ears or his helmet.



1



2

After a careful study of the one and then the other, the Jackdaw asks—Is it not enough to make one's blood run cold? Turkish impalements are nothing to it! Can nothing be done? Ought there not to be an indignation meeting in the Free-trade Hall to protest against this unexpected atrocity, and spout about it? Ought not our representatives in Parliament to interrogate the Home Secretary, and move for a Royal Commission to inquire into and report upon this unparalleled, unnecessary, and unlooked-for calamity? Most assuredly, yes! Who can be to blame? Ay, the Jackdaw asks, who? Oh, that we had a Gladstone in our midst! Would he not rouse within us a spirit of opposition that would inevitably lead us on to redress?

Och! Palin and Irwin, oh, sure you are errin'

By havin' this "tile" for your good men so bowld;

Can't you both now conceive how the ears they will freeze,
Exposed as they are to the rain and the cowl?

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RESOLUTIONS.

WHATEVER may be the result in detail of the great debate of this week, there is no doubt that it will have a beneficial influence on public opinion in this country. As we pointed out last week, Mr. Gladstone could not have refrained from taking the lead, if he would, at this critical moment; and the only reason why we should rejoice at the compromise at which he has arrived with his party is that the influence of the discussion and of the end arrived at will be all the more imposing for foreigners, who are watching English politics just now with eager eyes, but without much technical understanding of the ways of a free-spoken people. Looking at the resolutions broadly, and reading them by the light of a noble and eloquent speech, we are somewhat at a loss to understand the opposition with which they have been met in certain unexpected quarters. It is with becoming hesitation and modesty that we venture to differ from such an able authority as the *Manchester Examiner*. This paper, in a leading article on Wednesday, had the following passage:—"As a party move, and with a view to immediate success, there is probably nothing better than a war cry, and Mr. Gladstone gave us one of as pure a note as ever issued from human lips." In speaking thus our contemporary seems to be echoing the views of one of the sections into which, unhappily, the Liberal party has been divided. It is a view which, to our mind, has no solid justification. Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, as originally propounded, tended to advise the coercion of Turkey by United Europe, or by Russia and England, which would mean much the same thing. Now, there would be as much difference between coercion of this kind and War, as between the flogging of a schoolboy by a master, and a single combat between master and pupil. When a small boy is told to remove a portion of his dress for purposes of flagellation, he does not turn round and say, "Come on, I'll fight you!" but his fingers immediately stray towards the buttons, and the flagellation goes off quite agreeably. Who ever heard of a schoolboy showing fight against authority in such matters, or of a Master holding his hand for fear of any such contingency? If wisdom had guided the helm of English politics, Europe would long ago have occupied the position of Pedagogue, and Turkey of the Trembling Urchin. Does any one seriously think that Turkey would have resisted? The only flaw in Mr. Gladstone's policy appears to be that it may now be too late for adoption. His speech, however, was none the less effective as a downright blow at the sneaking regard for Turkey which rules the Cabinet, and has led Europe into a terrible mess.

LITERARY PROSTITUTION.

THE *Jackdaw* acknowledges the receipt of a curious publication called the *Twentieth Century*, which purports to be, as far as can be made out, a parody or satire in magazine form of the *Nineteenth Century*, the late off-shoot of the *Contemporary*. Considerable cleverness has been thrown away on the work, which, after all, was hardly worth doing. It is to be supposed that somebody will get a profit out of it, which will probably fall to the share of the gentleman or gentlemen who have wasted their brains on such a paltry enterprise. A quotation or two will best illustrate the scope of the publication.

What is an idea?

A conception of the mind before its practicability has been demonstrated. The unhatched egg of fruition.

How does an idea consolidate?

Through an intimation, to an intimation, to an indication, to a representation.

What is Philosophy?

Practically—it is the subordination of enthusiasm and the encouragement from despondency to accept the guidance of the reasonables.

Socially—it is the dissipator of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, in recognising the influence of circumstances disarming the irritation.

Poetically—it is the cheese made from the cream of misfortune.

There is a sort of prostituted ability displayed in stuff of this sort, which is neither useful nor ornamental. There is cleverness in the following definition of the Eastern Question:—

The Eastern Question should be the North Eastern Question. You may symbolise it as a bottle of soda-water: Russia the soda-water, Turkey the cork, and England the wire.

There is admirable fooling for those who understand it, and appreciate it, in the following burlesque dissertation on the colour Red:—

Let us make a scale, and from the examples select a poppy, and for the symbolising red we select a robin redbreast as the personator of a personality, for you cannot cage a robin.

Then the colour is red, the example a poppy, the composition a primary colour, the symbol a robin redbreast, and the meaning personality.

As all knowledge is in ascent, as a tree groweth, we make the scale of red upwards—

- | | | |
|----------------|-------|-------------------|
| 5. Meaning | - - - | Personality. |
| 4. Symbol | - - - | Robin Redbreast. |
| 3. Composition | - - - | A Primary Colour. |
| 2. Example | - - - | A Poppy. |
| 1. Subject | - - - | Red. |

Note that the object has become a subject in our considering it.

People who are acquainted with modern literature of the improving sort have seen something before which the above will recall. Here are one or two illustrations, clipped from the same article:—

The Post-office, with its postmen, carts, and pillar-boxes, all red, are personally conspicuous, in seeing the cart coming so as to get out of the way of the post; and also the red pillar-box, so that you may come in the way of the post, are indisputable, for what other colour could be more attentionating? The letter-carriers are blue, as coming more under the authority of the people in release from the livery of the Crown.

Clothing of Children.—Children, as babies, have red hoods, so that the passer-by may not hurt them, also red cloaks, frocks, so that they may be seen in a chair, and so avoid being sat upon, and red shoes to please the baby as well as easily found when not in the place they should be.

We shall give only one more extract:—

FIVE.

We now come to number, and the number we associated with red is five.

The meaning we associate with five is life-base.

Words associated with life-base are—existence, interdependence, organisation, etc. Life-base is the groundwork of personality, as the radiation on which Nature has constructed most of the examples in creation, as stems, finger-flanges of the hand, the star-fish, or the five petals to the wild flower.

EXAMPLES.

The human body.

The human activities.

Fish.—The Star-fish.

Geometry.—Pentagon.

Flowers.—The petals and stamens.

Hand-numbering.

Scripture.

EXPLANATION OF EXAMPLES.

The *Human Body* is associated with 5. We think at once of the 5 senses, the 5 fingers, the 5 toes. There are 5 holes in the head—namely, 2 ears, 2 nostrils, and the mouth. The eye looks in 5 directions—right, left, up, down, and front. Man has 5 attachments to the body—2 legs, 2 arms, and a head. In animals the head, body, and tail are one.

From what has been given a very accurate notion of the whole forty-eight pages may be gathered. The thing is a clever squib, but the cleverness is of that kind which suggests painful reflections. Among these are that the race of "publishers' hacks" is by no means moribund. It is evident that there are men of ability who are either obliged or willing to turn their brains to any unworthy purpose for the sake of a few sovereigns. The purpose in this case is called unworthy not so much from the object of the work in question, but from the very consideration of the energy which has been wasted upon it. The publication will attract few readers, except from its eccentricity. It will not serve its intention, for the satire does not explain its purpose, and falls pointless from the very fact of its cleverness. We do not wish to be too hard on the literary coadjutors in the venture, but we are heartily glad of our conviction that the printers and publishers, at all events, will lose money by it, for the style and "get-up" indicate an expenditure of money which will secure no return. However, if publishers or printers choose to throw away money in displaying their spleen, that ought not to be any business of ours, so much as the sad fact that they can find men of brains and scholarship to aid them for hire.

A BIRTHDAY BALLAD.

PART I.

IT is but the lay of a happy day
In the springtime of the year,
When there came to town in a white nightgown
An innocent little dear—

An innocent pet as ever had yet
Delighted a pet's mamma,
Or teased a nurse, or pulled at the purse
Of a kind and liberal pa.

The muse it may not certainly say
If the babe was dark or fair,
If her opening eyes were merry or wise,
Or her countenance *debonnair*,

Or the shape of her ear was curled or queer,
Or her stature short or tall,
The hair of her head a yellow or red,
Or black, or—nothing at all.

Nor can it state her width or weight,
What her chinks or merry jigs,
Nor yet disclose if her ten little toes
Were commonly called her pigs,

Nor what the wiles of her dimpled smiles,
The pangs of her early pegs,
The nursery charms of her mottled arms,
Or plump little mottled legs.

And if you ask was she round as a cask,
Or sucked her tiny thumb,
Or soundly slept, or plaintively wept,
The reticent muse is mum.

The reticent muse may well refuse
To sing what it does not know;
And what can it tell of a baby belle
Who was born so long ago?

As well may it sing of the ebony ring
Knawed by baby's toots;
Of bibs and frocks and dumpy socks,
Or dumpy worsted boots;

Or wondrous hat all piping and plait,
With plumes like rolling mists;
Or of perfect loves of boxing-gloves
To cover her little fists.

All, all is lost in the fortunate past
When baby came to town,
A diminutive maid in white arrayed—
That very white nightgown.

One fact alone is certainly known,
Which nobody can gainsay—
Kind Heaven sent the sweet innocent
Upon a bright May day.

And the rumour goes that the innocent's nose
Was a nose for a female prince—
A nose so quaint, a prettier ain't
Been seen on a baby since.

PART II.

It is but a rhyme of the present time,
Twenty summers have fled
Since the little saint with a nose so quaint
Lay in her basket-bed.

The bud has blown, the babe has grown
Into a maiden fair,
Slender and slight, of an average height,
And decidedly auburn hair,

Charmingly rolled like a cord of gold
Round the crown of a little head,
Whose poise and pitch would become a witch,
Were witches not all dead.

The bud has blown, the babe has grown,
And very pleasant to see
Are her simple grace, her innocent face,
And her maiden modesty;

And her bright blue eyes when they gleam surprise,
Or tranquilly rejoice,
As there floats around the soothing sound
Of her pleasantly plaintive voice.

The bud has blown, the babe has grown,
And gracious be the time
When half in jest her demure request
Challenged my birthday rhyme.

The hesitant muse might wisely choose
To sing no song of the day,
If all it could trace were form and face,
Which perish or wither away.

But the maiden born on that May morn
Blooms not more fair than kind,
Performing her part with a pitiful heart,
And a very generous mind.

To the poor she lends, the sick she tends—
A calm and gentle nurse,
And many a cheat doth dog her feet
To plunder her little purse.

Armed with the keys, intent to please,
She moves about the house
With a general air of contented care,
Like a quietly busy mouse.

And all at home who mark her come,
Or go, or sit at her ease,
May thank their stars that family jars
Can hold such sweets as these.

My song is sung to the fair and young,
Put paper and pen away;
Their latest rhyme is but an old chime—
"Many happy returns of the day!"

Will Shortly Appear, in Demy 8vo, Price 5s:

"MACLURE ON THE DEAD LANGUAGES."

TO BE HAD ONLY AT OUR OFFICE.

Every purchaser of a copy of "MACLURE ON THE DEAD LANGUAGES" will receive, *gratis*, a large sheet, handsomely framed and glazed, of proverbs and extracts from the LATIN of Alderman BENNETT, with explanations in English, French, German, and other DEAD LANGUAGES, for the benefit of Alderman LAMB.

"This splendid contribution to the Art of the Day should find a place in every bar-parlour and sitting-room in the kingdom.—*Vide Press*."

"Order early and order often."—*MacLure*.

THE THEATRES.

WHAT little there is to chronicle this week may be set forth in brief. We have had "Richard the Third" and "Richelieu" at the Prince's, with Mr. Barry Sullivan in the principal character in each case. This is all very well as far as it goes. Richard, in Colly Cibber's play, is one of Mr. Sullivan's best parts; and the same actor gives a fairly intelligent rendering of Richelieu, but in both instances the rank and file of the caste are lamentably deficient in ability. Messrs. Doyle and Barby are both of them good men in their special line, but neither of them is fitted for a serious performance in tragedy. On Tuesday Mr. Sullivan was ill, and the part of Hamlet was read at a very short notice by Mr. Stephenson, the stage manager, in a manner which was very creditable, the surprise and the scant intelligence displayed by most of the company being taken into account.

An exception to the badness usually associated with travelling companies must be made in favour of the players at the Royal this week. Miss Florence Terry and Messrs. Wood and Vandenhoff display powers much above the average. Of the play itself, "Dan'l Druce," it is sufficient to say that Mr. Gilbert will gain from it no reputation as an author. To write fairy extravaganzas full of fanciful wit and humour is one thing, and to produce telling dramas is another. Mr. Gilbert's early successes must be attributed to the fact that he struck out a line for himself; straying on to the domain of authors of minor intellectual calibre, he becomes a failure.

The Queen's jogs along with the usual class of popular dramas. Mr. John Levey, a clever Irish comedian, and Mr. Bracewell, a versatile utility actor, are the latest additions to the company.

WORMALD'S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tic doloureux, pains in the face and head gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. In bottles, 13d. and 2s. 9d., from most chemists, or from the Proprietor, Shudehill.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

MORE applications for our "prize coupons," some of them accompanied with stamps, for which no request was made in the advertisement. The stamps shall be applied to some good object, and it is hoped that the whole transaction will be a lesson to the silly folks who sent them.

THE *Jackdaw* wants to know how it is that Mr. Rayner Wood, J.P., is permitted to employ one of the county police as a private spy upon a neighbour? Also, whether it is a seemly thing in a magistrate to sit on the Bench and adjudicate on his own case?

How refreshing it is to come across an individual who has been on 'Change for twenty-five years, and never heard of such a thing as a drink being taken over a bargain! This is the case of Mr. Thomas Ledward, honorary secretary of the Manchester Exchange Subscribers' Association. He writes to the Bishop to say so. We would not for worlds say a word against Mr. Ledward's veracity, but we can at least heartily sympathise with the proprietors of the neighbouring public-houses and restaurants who have set up shop under a mistaken impression, which is now corrected. We never knew before why it was they all looked so gloomy and dull, especially on Tuesdays and Fridays.

THAT drunkards, and those who sell drink to them, are privileged people at election times is the latest distillation of wisdom from the lips of Sir J. I. Mantell. The occasion of adjudicating on a disgraceful and drunken row on the election day was the opportunity chosen by Sir John of uttering this doctrine, which will doubtless be remembered in future contests in Salford by Conservative candidates, publicans, and the friends of either or both.

By the way, a revival of the old proposal that public-houses should be closed on polling-days might be an advantageous sequel to the Salford election. Mr. R. Haworth, treasurer of the Sunday Closing Association, might take the matter up. Wicked rumour says, however, that this gentleman voted with the publicans on a recent occasion. We can hardly believe it, as he is also a Wesleyan, and voting with the publicans means of course voting in favour of the maintenance of Church and State, and in favour also of the denial of Christian burial to Dissenters.

LET us give the Devil his due, and say a word as to the absurd action of a body of teetotalers who are making a row about the promise of the Prince of Wales to preside at a charity dinner. The object of the charity in question is to provide for the destitute children, orphan or otherwise, of members of the trade. We do not live under a Mosaic dispensation, and do not therefore believe in the abstract principle of "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third or fourth generation." The institution in question is doing admirable work, and is not, as might be inferred from the memorial sent to the Prince, training up a number of sucking Landlords and Landladies. On the contrary, the children are by genial aid rescued from the paths of drink and misery, and qualified for useful and liberal professions. Hardly any one, save a fanatic here and there, will be found to deny that this is a good work, and we have cause to believe that the teetotalers are beginning to see that they have acted hastily and inadvisedly in this matter. The Prince of Wales has acted wisely in taking no notice of a silly attempt at dictation, however well meant.

IN one of some sensationally-advertised articles on Manchester banks and bankers in the *City News*, the derivation of the word "bank" is given as from the Italian word *monte*. Somebody writes to the *City News* to ask how this derivation is made out. The *Jackdaw* anticipates the reply as thus: *Monte* is clearly traceable from *mons*, which means a mountain, as every schoolboy knows. Now, a bank may be defined more or less as a

small mountain—e.g., "Ye banks and braes," etc. Here we have at once a connection established. Now for the manipulation. *Monte* would, by a man with a cold in his head (a common affliction in Italy), be pronounced *bonte*. The letters T and K are transposable in nearly all languages, hence we have *bonke*; and the change of climate substituting an A for an O, we get *banke*. The final E is neither here nor there, and is superfluous in these days of piecework in printing, hence we have *bank*. This explanation is copyright.

QUESTION for the police: Have you seen the Manchester Argyle? We learn from proceedings at the police court that the prices at this pleasant place of resort have been recently doubled. Some young gentlemen, who objected to this step on the part of the proprietors, raised what is called "a disturbance" at the door, and were run in by the police. They were fined the next morning, the magistrate being of opinion that though it is necessary for schoolboys and youths in their teens to have somewhere to go to after eleven o'clock at night, rows in public thoroughfares are unseemly. The outsiders of institutions which open when most decent people are in bed, or on their way homeward, are evidently carefully looked after by the guardians of the peace. It must be a comfort to the proprietors of this establishment to know that the pavement in front of their door is so carefully watched; and they, as well as all lovers of sport and recreation, must be thoroughly rejoiced at the fact that vigilance, tempered with discretion, draws a line at the portal.

THE last resource of a defeated gamester is to accuse his adversary of cheating, and to threaten to punch his head. Lord Derby having been baffled all round in a game of diplomacy, in which by no fault of his own he was not fitted to take a successful part, now resorts to bluster. It is a vexatious thing to have held all the best cards, and yet to find oneself worsted at the end by superior skill. The temptation is strong for some temperaments to try what force will do. England is on the brink of a disastrous and foolish policy of force, for the simple reason that Lord Derby had all the trump cards in his hand, and did not know how to play them.

WHEN the old hero and philosopher at Chelsea speaks, it is seldom without a reason, and never without a hearing from the nation which he so seldom addresses. The following bit of condensed wisdom, already extensively quoted, cannot receive too wide a circulation:—

"As to 'British interests,' there is none visible or conceivable to me, except taking strict charge of our route to India by Suez and Egypt; and, for the rest, resolutely steering altogether clear of any copartnership with the Turk in regard to this or any other 'British interest' whatever. It should be felt by England as a real ignominy to be connected with such a Turk at all. Nay, if we still had, as, in fact, all ought to have, a wish to save him from perdition and annihilation in God's world, the one future for him that has any hope in it is even now that of being conquered by the Russians and gradually schooled and drilled into peaceable attempt at learning to be himself governed. The newspaper outcry against Russia is no more respectable to me than the howling of Bedlam, proceeding, as it does, from the deepest ignorance, egotism, and paltry national jealousy." Thus, opportunely, Thomas Carlyle; and it is not too late yet for his words to have effect.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

Unde Fumus?—It would be desirable to inquire, but *Unde*—desirable to publish your communication.

Peace, J. P.—The thing is unknown in our office, we have so many foolish correspondents. Hold yours.

A. J. D.—Much obliged; we shall be glad to hear from you again.

M.—We do not wish to discourage you, but the less encouragement you get the better it will be for you in the end.

WORMALD'S COUGH SPECIFIC.—The most agreeable and effectual remedy ever introduced for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, and asthma. Sold by most chemists, in bottles, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 9d. each, or may be had direct from the Proprietor, Shudehill, Manchester.

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Can be applied to any door in a few minutes, and (important to tenants), can be removed as quickly, without injury to the door or framework.

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HAND'S ROYAL BLOOD MEDICINE, for the cure of ulcerated legs, ulcerated sores on the neck, old wounds, pimples, scurvy, blotches, postules, fish, glandular swellings, tumours, cancerous ulcers, king's evil, piles, ulcerated lungs and liver, consumption, gout, rheumatic joint, lumbago, gravel, nervous debility, and general weakness from whatever cause arising. Prepared only by WILLIAM HANDS, CHEMIST, CHELTENHAM, and sold in bottles, 6d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by respectable chemists and medicine vendors in the United Kingdom. Two large bottles generally cure the worst cases.—N.B. HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA presented Mr. Hands with a splendid engraving of her own portrait on November 4, 1875. Mr. Hands sends two 4s. 6d. bottles carriage paid to any address for 9s., one bottle 5s. Letters with stamp answered.

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Printed and Published by the Proprietor, ROBERT ROBINSON DODDS, of Norman Grove, North Road, Longsight, at his Printing Office, Market-street Chambers, 78A, Market-street Manchester.—Friday, May 11, 1877.

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